

**HUMOROUS.**

**A Tiresome Guest.**  
 "If there is any party in the audience," said the medium, "who would like to talk with any party they have chosen, the dead, let them come forward."  
 A tall man, who toed in slightly as he walked, came to the front.  
 "I should like to have a little talk with Billy Sneath," said the tall man.  
 "He used to be a detective, you know."  
 "How long since he was called away?" asked the medium.  
 "Three months."  
 "I don't you won't get him. I noticed that it generally takes a detective three months to find out the way back."—*Indianapolis Journal*

Mr. Goodson—So you worked for "Mr. Cleveland on the summer? He is very fond of fishing, I believe.

Patricie—Fond of fishin', is it? Well, OFell tell ya. D'ya mind th' time he was first nymonated?

"I remember it."

"Well, sor, I was on th' forcees this mornin'—I was out near his house."


Phwin OF heard the news. O rushed up to 'im an' says OF: 'Hoodsey! We've nymonated ya fur president,' says Oul. 'Will ya accept?' says OF. 'O'will,' says he, 'if there's good fishin' in th' Potomac.'"—N. Y. Weekly

**Faithful Betty.**

New Girl—Young man has called to see you, mem.

Old Girl—That's Langrud (glancing at card)—Mr. Fitz-James Mcbair! Grim told me I'm not fit to be met! Tell him Betty, that I'm—O, she's gone!

New Girl (a moment later to young man).

[illegible]

O'Rourke (to bank cashier)—You won't cash me check, eh—an' there's me name writ on th' back?

Cashier—Can't do it, my friend. You will have to be identified.

O'Rourke—That's dead aisy. Jim bring me a luvkin'-glass an' O'll identify meself. (Cut O'l mako a mishtake me a face lolkie tho?—Judge.

**Society Item.**

Doctor—Don't you know that it is not proper for you to have a pig stay close to your dwelling?

Farmer—Why not, doctor?

"Because it is not healthy."

"That's where you are mistaken, doc-

**No Songs Like the Old Songs.**  
Aunt Jemima—Willie, did your paper make you to the grand army reception last night?  
Willie—Yes; and it was very slow and they all asked papa to do something. He got up and sang: "Just before the bottle, mother;" then everybody howled and we went down to supper.—Judge.

**As Oversight.**  
Miss Dolly Pompons—My dear sir, do not allow yourself to be dazzled by my beauty and charming manners, for I have no other advantage except wit, intelligence and high social status.  
Mr. Plaintore—You have forgotten to include your innate modesty.—Texas.

Never on Time.  
 "Bronson was an awful dilly-dallier  
 think."  
 "Wasn't he? Why, in his last illness  
 the doctor said he'd die before ten  
 o'clock at night, and, by Jove! Bronson  
 put it off seven hours."—Judge.

An Observing Child.  
 Little Ethel—'I don't want any cake.  
 Papa—No cake? What's the matter?  
 Little Ethel—Mamma said it wasn't  
 "quite perfect," an' when she says he  
 won't cake isn't quite perfect, it must be  
 awful.—Good News.

Stern But Poetic Justice.  
 She wore a big hat;  
 I was angry at that—  
 But it greatly diminished my rage  
 That in front of herself  
 Another white hat.

—Chicago News Record.

**Ambiguous.**

"Do play something, please, Mr. Pianothump," said the hostess, advancing to her music-loving guest. "It's getting pretty late, but not half the guests are gone yet."—Chicago News Record.

**Up to Harlequin.**

Featherstone—This is a nice little room of yours, old man, but how is heated?

Ringway—When it gets too cold for me I light a match.—Judge.

**At the Club.**

Mr. Cynical Snoot—I saw you lagging over Chauncey Dewey's chestnut.

Mr. Nerdy-Joy—I have to laugh. I'm going to tap him for a ten-dollar bill.

—Tosca, 1896.

His Final Fate.  
 Getthere—Did you ever attend any  
 Miss Bludd's-at-homes?  
 Do Hurd (sadly)—No, but I've attended  
 a good many of her not-at-homes.  
 N. Y. Weekly.  
 Striking a Balance.  
 Miss Longtry—Do you think marriage  
 is a failure?  
 Mrs. Tenomore (of Chicago)—Yes,  
 on the average.—Pack.  
 Breach of Promise Ethics.  
 "But why don't you let him go if  
 you feel so certain your marriage would  
 be a failure?"  
 "Oh! I want to compromise for fifty  
 cents on the dollar."—Life.  
 William M. Baumgardner.

—Harper's Bazar.







